the library himself, proving to us thereby his authority there. As he asked the clerk there for a book to read, the latter said, "How am 1 to give you a book? Who are you?" "How could you give me a book, you say! But whose books are all these, pray? Are they not mine?" was the reply. Still the clerk would not give way, and replied, "May be, they are yours in name, but meant exclusively for the use bv the lunatic patients here, and not your private property; how am I to give them to you? Are you a patient yourself?** George had to admit that he was a patient, or else there was no chance of his getting a book. Accordingly, the clerk agreed at last to allow him to take a book suited to his choice.

The book that he selected appeared to be a very small neatly-bound copy with gilt edges, in a red morocco cover. As for the other particulars of this book, 1 could not be quite definite, but so far I know, that some time later, when I next went to the library, I could not help feeling a bit curious what book our

Royal
guest (?) had selected. As * was searching for
it, and I knew its appearance having previously
marked the colour and the size of the book, 1